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The Prison



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Chapter 1 by Skipper Jo

The guards, heavily clad in armor and wielding swords and axes, shuffled noisily to the side to let the group of elite soldiers dragging a prisoner through the front gate, which was a solid stone wall that swung inward with the assistance of twenty men.

Being dragged in their arms was a young women with obsidian black hair and gently slanted brows. Had she been conscious and her eyes open, one would have seen her emerald eyes and been completely transfixed by her beauty. As her head lolled, her hair would part and pointed ears would poke out from beneath the silken locks of her hair.

They were entering the Prison, the world's most heavily guarded place where notorious criminals were held in confined cells, some deeply sedated while others were simply shackled tightly to the walls, ensuring they wouldn't escape. The Prison itself was simply a single rectangular pillar that jutted out above the rocky landscape, but buried deep beneath the ground was the mass of criminals and murderers.

But the prisoner the soldiers were bringing in wasn't a murderer or a criminal.

And as her hair fell over her face, you could distinctly see the faintest Rose on the back of her neck, glowing softly.

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Chapter 2 by Brandon Parker

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Her name was Reyna Vercer, and she was the princess of the Kingdom of Bontari. Well, make that former princess.

As the guards dragged her across the torch lit main hallway of the Prison and towards the looming door which led down into the cells, her eyes momentarily flickered open and scanned her surroundings. She caught sight of the high arches hanging above her, and the glowing runes on the walls that cancelled out all magic. The sight made her remember something that her uncle had told her when she was just a child.

"If you wish to experience fear, true fear, then look no further than the Prison," He'd told her gravely, having experienced his fair share of time there during the War of the Three Kingdoms. He'd been a captive of the dwarves then, the wardens of the Prison, before Reyna's father's military conquest had united the three kingdoms into one and he had triumphantly freed his younger brother.

After that her father had wanted the Prison destroyed, seeing it as a reminder of a more brutal age. He'd ordered his most powerful warlocks to tear it down, and they'd tried, but in the end they couldn't even remove a single brick from its walls. In defeat, they'd told her father that the Prison was, quite simply, immortal.

This was a fair conclusion to draw, as the Prison had existed since before recorded history. There were legends that it had been created by the ancient ones- the winged, celestial beings who as the historians described, had once done battle across the whole of the world. The Prison would've been designed to hold the most dangerous of them, immortal beings with nothing but hatred in their souls. There were stories in fact, that some such creatures still dwelled deep within the Prison.

There was no way of knowing for sure, as the lower levels of the prison were primarily blocked off by rubble from collapses caused by undoubtedly powerful magic. Every attempt to excavate them had met the same reality: The prison just kept going down. How far, nobody knew. Undoubtedly the Prison was quite a formidable place. And yet, as the guards dragged Reyna down the stone steps towards her cell, she was not afraid. She was angry. She'd promised herself to let nothing stand between her and her ultimate goal, not even the Prison.

She was going break out, and then she was going to kill the usurper who'd murdered her father

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Chapter 1: The Prison

Reyna wasn't used to being

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confirmed her words. She had only ever spoken to him once, and he was a man of a mind known only to the

ancient ones. Excess chains hung from lock to lock, her small but strong frame engulfed by them. Her obsidian hair draped over her face, defiant eyes glared through, a piercing green in contrast.

Reyna's father, the late King Hathor Vercer had told her stories of the prison. Of it's inescapable walls, ageless prisoners and guards whom obeyed an entity unknown to man. The guards were not Human. Nor were they Dwarf, Elf or any other race native to this world. They were a mystery.

Reyna's angry breaths filled the near silent air, covering the whispering voices belonging to neither prisoner or guard. Reyna thought of the many stories she was told by her father.

"The air talked, as if it has a voice of it's own. Some thought it was our imagination, others, well others said the prison held more than just the living."

But living prisoners were all Reyna's eyes could see. Hours went by. Days. Who knew how long? Reyna remained chained with no food nor water. Yet her stomach didn't growl and her throat never grew parched. Every so often, the guards would haul another criminal down the endless halls and every prisoner with the same angry fire inside them when first chained, eventually cooled, replaced with the chills from the whispering air silencing every soul whom entered.

Still, Reyna's eyes burned with the thoughts of her revenge, condemning the usurper king with a borrowed crown on his head to a fate worse than her father's. As the days blurred together, the whispering voices grew louder, the words became clearer and clearer until Reyna could hear the words being spoken inside her ear, repeating themselves in a never ending chant;

The revenge you seek,
for wounds unhealed,
will find their resting place,
upon the prison's field.

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Reyna's head bobbed up and down

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her head over and over again

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"Bahahahaaa!!" a sharp laughter echoed through the halls as the guards carried another prisoner down the halls. The sudden loud noise snapped her out of her own head and looked beyond the ancient bars of her cell to see a man with a lean and toned figure, riddled with scars across his body. "You'll never keep me in here! I've escaped from every damned prison I have ever been thrown in!" the man exclaims before cackling again maniacally as his voice drifts off into nothingness.

Reyna uses this opportunity of consciousness to look around at her surroundings. She sees only that she is bound to the wall by locks and chains at the back of a deep cell where she could see the pale light of the outside seeping through the bars of her cell. "This is no way to live a life, this is truly a fate worse than death. However, I am blessed with mortality and have the option to seek the warms welcoming arms of death" she thinks as she battles her own fate within her mind. She takes one last gasp of air into her lungs as she looks up to the ceiling, minutes pass as she can begin to feel her body resist her self-inflicted suffering, her vision starts to blur and the droning chant she heard before emerges from the slightest

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away from her.

She awakes from a sharp pain in her abdomen, her eyes flutter open and

examine the cause and sees the butt of a spear being driven into her body.

She lets out a cry as she rolls to the side to avoid the strikes. She looks at

the culprit to her discomfort and sees only what seems to be a man

covered beyond all recognition with heavy plate armor.

She takes a moment to recover then rises to her bare feet as her ragged

clothes drape down her small frame. "What do you want from me?" she is

barely able to make out as her voice fails her. The iron clad figure stands

silent but makes a gesture from his helm as if to look behind her, she

instinctively turns to see a long wall covered with racks overflowing with

weapons and armor. She slowly approaches the wall looking at all the

armaments available, she immediately feels a familiar pain in her back and

can feel the blunt end of the spear strike her. "Does it want me to arm

myself?!" she asks confused "I barely even know how to fight!" she feels

the spear strike her again. She turns in reaction to see it raise the spear

~~again, preparing for another strike. She grabs a sword from the rack and~~

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The iron clad figure's hand reaches out to grab the sword from the rack and

hallway until she hears the creak of an ancient door swing open as she becomes blinded by the sudden flood of light. She feels herself being flung from the iron grip and slides across what feels to be leveled dirt. She blinks her eyes as her sight begins to return and immediately sees the flash of a blade above her, without a thought her hand with the sword still in it rises and intercepts the blade. With her vision almost completely restored, she can see a man with only rags and a blade much like hers jump back from his strike as his hands shake and his face looks nervous and scared.

The whisper returns to her ears as she looks around her and sees that her and the man are in what looks like a dirt fighting arena. "will find their resting place, upon the prison's field." the voice whispers as Reyna raises her sword to protect herself from the man across the dirt circle.

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